THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various, that the mind of desultory man, studious of change and pleased with novelty, may be indulged—Cowp.

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ORIGINAL PAPERS.

For The Port Folio.

TRAVELS.

LETTERS FROM GENEVA AND FRANCE.

Written during a residence of between two and three years in different parts of those countries, and addressed to a lady in Virginia.

——quâ me quoque possim
Tollere humo. VIR.

Je dirai j'étais là, telle chose m'advint,
Vous y croyriez être vous-mêmes.

LA FONTAINE.

(*Continued from page* 194.)

LETTER IX.

Geneva.

My dear E——,

HAVING crossed the canal of Languedoc at a small distance from the city of Thoulouse, and driven, for at least half a mile, by the side of an ancient wall, which looked more like a Roman, than a modern work, we entered into a gloomy grass-grown square, and passed along a continuation of narrow streets to an inn, which without the plenty of the house of Agen, was infinitely more defective in point of cleanliness. Any geographical dictionary, or common book of travels will give you an ample account of this well known city, of its academy, its Floral games, of its capitols, and of the Calas family. It is situated in a fertile country, and in the vicinity of the canal; neither its trade, however, nor its population have been ever such, as might have been expected, and are both much declined, since the revolution: it is, in a few words, a large, old-fashioned gloomy place, with several ancient and venerable churches, with a handsome theatre, and with a choice of beautiful publick walks. Of the canal, which terminates within a short distance of the city, on forming a junction with the Garonne, you may easily conceive the importance by placing a map of Europe before you, and by observing that it connects the navigation of the Mediterranean with that of the Atlantick. See what a length of stormy sea is avoided from Cette, through the straits of Gibraltar, along the coasts of Spain and Portugal, and across the bay of Biscay; see and admire the never-ceasing glory of Louis the XIV in having effected that which is honourable to the Romans even to have

thought of. From the waters of the Mediterranean to those of the Garonne, near Thoulouse, the distance is near two hundred and ten miles, along which space, and notwithstanding the intervening obstacles, of rivers, of mountains and of an inequality of six hundred feet, an uninterrupted intercourse is kept up by boats, some of which draw five feet water, and are of the burstain of four hundred tons. This required, as you may suppose, a great number of locks, with all the contrivances in use to guard against too much water, and to provide enough, and had I been differently situated, I could very well have employed a month in examining them.

This magnificent work was planned and in a great measure executed by a gentleman of the name of Riquet;* such services are surely the best sources of distinction in society, and they found in Louis XIV, who upon some occasions knew how to act the monarch to perfection, the reward which they deserved; the family of Riquet was ennobled, they were exclusively intrusted with the management of the canal in perpetuity, and were authorized to apply the profits arising from the tolls to their own use: but, in the late unhappy period of the revolution, the family having remained faithful to the descendant of their benefactor, became liable to the penalties of emigration, and lost their estate by confiscation.

The number of men employed in digging the channel, and constructing the works, was never less than eight thousand for fourteen years, and they were sometimes increased to twelve thousand, and the expense incurred was about a million sterling: the present annual expense for repairs and attendance is about seventeen thousand ponds sterling, but the government derives an income of nearly twenty five thousand pounds from the tolls, clear of all deductions, and the saving to the community at large is not less than two hundred thousand pounds a year.

If the sum appear a large one, you must look at what Adam Smith says in his Wealth of Nations, on the comparative advantages of land and water carriage: a vessel of two hundred tons, and navigated by six men, plying between Leith and London is shown to be equal in effect to fifty waggons, drawn by four hundred horses, and conducted by one hundred men: and Michaux, a very well-informed traveller, says that the inhabitants of our upper country, at the distance of fifty miles from Pittsburg find it easier and cheaper to send their produce for sale to New-Orleans by Pittsburg, along a stream of 2100 miles, than to have it conveyed to Baltimore, at the distance of little more than 100.

At the Museum of Thoulouse, we saw some good pictures and casts of antique statues, there were some busts also, and one in particular, of a Roman lady, which must have been executed at least fourteen hundred years before the discovery of America; her face was that of a pretty woman, and notwithstanding her very great age, it was full of life, and

* It appears, by the memoirs of Besenval, that after Riquet had made some experiments which convinced the most incredulous that his plan was practicable, and had obtained the consent and approbation of the government, it was still impossible to begin the undertaking for want of money; Colbert with every good wish for the sucsess of so noble an enterprise, could advance nothing, and the monied men of the times were too well satisfied with the interest they received to venture their fund, upon a scheme in any degree uncertain. It occured at length to Riquet that it might promote his views to be thought intimate with the superintendant of the treasury, and he prevailed upon Colbert to consent, that he should enter his cabinet, without knocking at the door at a time when he should be known to be in conference with the former general of the revenue—it might have appeared an accidental thing the first time, and the experiment was therefore repeated. Riquet found afterwards no difficulty in getting as many subscriptions as he wanted; every body was now desirous of being concerned with a person who was so much in the confidence of Col. Morriew Colbert, as to be in the habit of entering his cabinet without knocking.

her hair was dressed precisely in the modern fashion. In my walks over the town, I could never *get the better* of the impression which had been made upon my mind on entering it; but the environs are beautiful; on one side, a stately bridge connects them with the city, and from that bridge we had a much nearer prospect of the Pyrenees than before, and could perceive the snow already fallen in several places. We here remedied the defects of our carriage for a trifle more than seven Louis, and after two day's residence in what seemed then, and still seems the worst inn we ever stopt at, we again set forward. I was sorry to leave a place so renowned in history as Thoulouse and so much spoken of by travellers, after so short a stay; but your brother was before us, the expense was great, and more of our senses were in continual sufferance than I would wish to enumerate: from such a place the transition into well cultivated fields and loaded vineyards amidst carts and baskets filled with grapes, and all the hurry, plenty and jovialness of the vintage, was really delightful.

Our course, if you will allow me a sea term, was generally in the direction of the canal, and we frequently saw and sometimes crossed it; the banks were everywhere planted with Lombardy Poplars, and the locks appeared in perfect order. We were soon at the little town of Bazieges, and were on the point of setting off with fresh horses, and as usual at a full gallop from the posthouse, when it was perceived and pointed out to us by an idle by-stander, that the nut which ought to contain one of the hind wheels had worked off and been lost; detention in such a place was disagreeable, but nothing when compared to the evil we had escaped; we submitted, therefore, with a good grace, had the carriage dragged opposite to the blacksmith's and were looking about us where there was nothing to be seen, when a lady stept out of a neighbouring house, and invited us to take shelter there: she seemed about twenty, had her first child in a cradle by her in the neat little parlour she conducted us into, was rather handsome, had brilliant eyes, and all that politeness and that unaffected grace, which nature seems sometimes to go out of her way, in order to bestow on her favourites: the lady's husband, who shortly after joined us from his vintage, was a well behaved, well looking man of thirty, who had gone out a private soldier to Egypt, had served the whole of the war there, and had returned a non-commissioned officer of dragoons: there could be no want of conversation with such a person and I passed a couple of hours with him very agreeably. It was very customary he told me during the siege of Alexandria for the advanced sentinels to approach each other amicably, after a signal given and returned, and to exchange their rations, the British giving pork and sometimes brandy, and the French bread; it was allowed in their army that the descent of General Abercrombie was a very gallant exploit: a body of boats was seen at a distance laying on their oars, as a bird of prey is seen floating in the air over the spot it is about to dart upon; until at length they began to move, and three distinct lines were observed approaching, protected by gunboats at their extremeties, preserving the most exact order, and rowing, as if by clock work: not a soldier appeared, but the seamen were erect, and seemed insensible to the French artillery, which thundered upon them from the batteries among the sand hills, and from the fort of Aboukir: the action commenced at the water side and even in the boats, but the French were soon overpowered: though liberal in his praises of the British seamen, he would not allow their soldiers any great degree of merit: on my asking him, however, if they did not deserve some credit for their march in order of battle a day or two after the descent and for repulsing the attack of Menou, I would not say for defeating

him, he paused a moment, and then, as if recollecting himself and recovering from a dilemma, he begged of me to observe, that they had added by that time in all probability several French deserters to their army. If I were writing a novel, or an imaginary tour through Europe, what a fine episode might this simple adventure be worked up into with a little embellishment and exaggeration !— You have only to suppose these young people crossed in love by their parents and that, with the suit of some wealthy admirer, and her being locked up, and his being sent to Egypt and the war in that strange country, which might give occasion for so many interesting descriptions, and his return home with the spoils of a Mameluke whom he had slain in battle, and their meeting at a dance in their native village, and their parents relenting at so much true love, would be sufficient not only for an episode but for a novel of as many volumes, as Sir Charles Grandison.

For The Port Folio.

EDUCATION.

The trustees of Union College, having in the year 1804, prescribed a course of reading and adopted a system of government which were thought by many, at that time, to be more extensive and rigid than the publick sentiment would bear, have hitherto forborne to make any statement of the situation of the institution, or to furnish any vindication of the system they had adopted, other than that contained in the effects it produced. They were content to abide the issue; preferring to number a few diligent and exemplary students to the crowding of their walls with idle and dissipated youth.

Of late, however, the applications for admission, and the inquiries concerning the expense, the studies, and the government and laws of the seminary, have become so frequent as to render it inconvenient to communicate by private letters, the necessary information to all who request it. To remove this inconvenience, they submit to the publick the following brief and simple statement.

They begin with the grammar school, in which candidates are prepared for admission into college.— This school is subject to the direction of the President; and is under the immediate government of a principal, who is one of the professours of the college. The officers of instruction are, a professour of the French language, seven tutors, and two writing masters. The school is divided into seven forms, and goes through the following course of reading:

In the first form—The English and Latin Grammars, Corderius and Æsop.

Second form—Erasmus, Eutropius, Nepos, Latin Primer.

Third form—Cicero's Epistles, Livy, Cæsar, Greek Grammar.

Fourth form—Ovid's Metamorphoses, Prosody, Æsop's Fables in Greek, Sallust, French Grammar.

Fifth form—Cicero's Orations, Epictetus, Anacreon, Greek Prosody, Telemaque, Juvenal, Terence.

Sixth form—Virgil, Greek Testament, Lucian's Dialogues.

Seventh form—Xenophon, Cicero de Officiis, Horace, Arithmetick. English and Latin compositions in the three highest forms.

The seventh form constitutes the Freshman class in college. It is subject to the same government as the rest of the school, and the members of it pursue their studies in a large room with a professour.

No student is admitted into the grammar school under eight, nor into college under fourteen years of age.

The foregoing statement shows the manner in which the pupils in the grammar school are fitted for entrance into college.—With respect to the

admission of students from abroad our laws are as follow:

"No student shall be admitted into the Freshman class unless he can read, construe, and parse Virgil's Æneid, Cicero's Select Orations, and the Greek Testament, and shall have learned English Grammar and Vulgar Arithmetick. He must also exhibit suitable testimonials of his good moral character.*

"The *Sophomore Class* shall study Geography, Sheridan's Lectures, Logick, Cicero de Oratore, and also such parts of Collectanea Graca minora, et majora, as the President shall direct. They shall also study Euclid's Elements, and review the principal studies of the preceding year.

"The *Junior Class* shall study Tacitus, Longinus, Moral Philosophy, Blair's Lectures, such parts of Locke as the President shall direct, Algebra, Trigonometry, Mensuration, Surveying, Navigation, and Conick Sections.

"The *Senior Class* shall study Homer, Kaimes' Elements of Criticism, Astronomy, Natural Philosophy, Chymistry, and such parts of Steward's Philosophy of the Human Mind as the President shall direct. They shall also review the more important studies of the preceding years, and read select parts of the Latin and Greek poets and apply the rules of criticism.

The annual expense of a student in the institution, including board, tuition, books and stationary, firewood, candles, &c. will be about 140 dollars. The year is divided into two sessions or terms of study, and the expense of each term is to be paid in advance by all students who may hereafter enter the institution. The commencement takes place on the fourth Wednesday in July, after which there is a vacation of seven weeks. The other vacation comprises the six weeks subsequent to the third Wednesday in January.†

Each student furnishes his own bed or mattress, and room furniture, and pays for entrance into the Grammar School, or Freshman Class, five dollars; for entrance into the Sophomore class, seven; the Junior, nine, and the Senior, twelve dollars.‡

With respect to government.—The plan of this institution is a literary seclusion. The youth are not permitted to associate in town—to breakfast, dine, or sup out of college—to go to any party of pleasure, or partake in any amusement out of their own territory. The Students of the Grammar School never leave the college yard, but by special permission, nor do the students of college, except in certain hours allotted for recreation, in the day time. In the evening, no member of the institution ever goes out unless accompanied by an officer.

The government of the youth is not submitted to tutors, but to the President and permanent Professours who are all to reside on the college territory, and most of whom do at present.

Every student offered, spends a season, not less than one third part of a year, on probation. And all those who do not appear to yield a willing obedience to the laws, and to pursue their studies to the satisfaction of the President are refused admission.

The most scrupulous attendance on Church, Prayers, Recitations, and all collegiate exercises is required, and no excuse, except sickness or unavoidable necessity, is admitted. The Penalties are Fines, Admonitions, Rustications, Suspensions, and Expulsions. An accurate and daily

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* This law does not go into operation till the last of July, 1808. At present the requirements are, six books of the Æneid, four orations in Cicero, the four Evangelists in Greek, and a knowledge of Vulgar Arithmetick and English Grammar.

† The vacations in the Grammar school are shorter, and an instructor continues in the institution during the recess to attend to such students as are not called home.

‡ This law respecting entrance money does not apply to students entering from other Colleges, and nothing is paid for the regular advancement from one class to another.

account is kept of all the transgressions of laws by each student, and a copy of the same is transmitted to his parents or guardian at the end of the term.

The trustees are sensible that these restraints will appear severe to many. They do not publish them to vindicate or to recommend them. It is not their wish to invite students, but to give information. Their numbers have increased faster than their means of providing for their accommodation; and they will only add, that, severe as their laws may appear to those who read them, there are at present two hundred students cheerful and happy under them. That the system was adopted after mature deliberation, and that they feel themselves pledged to maintain it.

They wish all those who entrust the education of youth to them to be previously apprized of their laws; and they conclude by requesting that no parent or guardian may send his children to this seminary, who wishes them to spend more money, to enjoy greater indulgence, or to be placed under a laxer government.

P. S. Van Rensselaer,
John Woodworth. } Committee.

Schenectaday, 29th July, 1807.

BIOGRAPHY.

Joshua Barnes, B. D.

Joshua Barnes, from constantly perusing and talking Greek, had the name of Greek Barnes. The son of a London tradesman; while in Christ's Hospital he wrote poems in Latin and in English, though he never much valued the latter language. From a student of the lower order he became fellow of Emanuel college, Cambridge, and Greek professour of that university. His memory and facility in writing have been greatly extolled. He would, and he always did, quote many Greek passages in conversation.* He wrote incessantly, but seldom well. His poetry is rarely to be met with; his History of Edward III, I have read with astonishment; that he who had perused such perfect models should compose a master-piece of diligence without elegance, a work interspersed with scraps of his own poetry: his History of Edward the Black Prince still remains in manuscript. Absorbed in his studies of Greek authours, he knew nothing of English manners; he would have been at "home" in Athens. Bentley loved money to excess; Barnes valued it only as giving him an opportunity of befriending another: "If I give I shall receive." To the wretched ragged beggar he has bestowed the coat from his back. When a young man, Mrs. Mason, a widow of Hemmingford near St. Ives, in Huntingdonshire, admired him, for what she did not understand—his Greek: she declared she meant to leave him 100*l.* per annum; he wished a present advantage, and therefore proposed to take the relict and her jointure of 200*l.* per annum; he obtained both. The vanity of Barnes as a linguist, a poet, historian, and critick, made him enemies, who, joined with the envious, caused his acquirements to be more slighted than they deserved: Bentley's sarcasm, that he would have been in no higher estimation than a cobler at Athens, has yielded to Warton's "Opportuno tempore vixit Barnesius ad nomen sibi comparandum," &c. given in his preface to his edition of Theocritus. Barnes will always be respected by the lovers of Euripides, Anacreon, and Homer. Dying August 3, 1712, aged 58, he was buried by his lady, again left a widow, at Hemmingford, who placed over his remains a monument with an inscription in Latin, ending with some Anacreontick lines. A gentleman, considering his judgment as not being equal to the quickness of his wit, or the strength of his memory,

* Though Mr. Barnes had so wonderful a memory, yet he read over a small Bible, which he always carried about with him, one hundred and twenty-one times at leisure hours.

proposed this addition to his Hic Jacet,

JOSHUA BARNES,
Felicis Memoriæ, Judicium expectans.*

LIFE OF PARNELL.

Thomas Parnell, D. D. was born in Dublin in the year 1679. His ancestors, who were of great respectability, had been long fixed at Congleton, in Cheshire; but his father, in consequence of a strong attachment to the Republican Party, quitted the country at the Restoration, and purchased several large estates in Ireland, which, together with the family seat in England, became the property of the subject of our memoir.

Young Parnell received his school education under the tuition of Dr. Jones of Dublin, and was admitted a member of the college of that metropolis, so early as at the age of thirteen. He acquired his degree as Master of Arts on July 9, 1700, and was ordained a deacon the same year, by Dr. King, Bishop of Derry; but being under twenty years of age, it was necessary that he should apply for a dispensation from the Primate. Three years after this event, he entered into priest's orders; and on the 9th of Feb. 1705, he was collated to the archdeaconry of Clogher, by Dr. Ash, Bishop of Clogher.

He afterwards married Miss Anne Minchen, a lady of great beauty, and of most amiable temper; and on whom, during the period of his addresses, he wrote the beautiful little song beginning, "My days have been so wondrous free." Hitherto Parnell had led a very retired academical life, but he now began to make yearly excursions to England, and soon became familiar with the first literary characters of his age. To great sweetness of disposition, he added interesting manners, and powerful talents for conversation, and being possessed of an ample fortune, with a liberal and benevolent turn of mind, he wanted not, nor did he neglect numerous opportunities of conferring favours, and succouring distress.

To Gay, to Swift, to Pope, and to Arbuthnot, he was endeared by daily intercourse and mutual kindness, by that reciprocation of talent and harmless gayety, which can alone render life a scene of rational enjoyment. They together formed the celebrated Scriblerus Club; and of the facetious Memoirs of Scriblerus, our authour wrote that part termed an Essay concerning the Origin of Sciences.

His connexion with Swift proved the occasion of a change in his political opinions: he had early imbibed from his family and friends an admiration of Whig principles; but the influence and arguments of the Dean which were brought forward at a time when the tories were in full possession of power, shook the firmness of Parnell, and he finally arranged himself beneath the banners of Oxford and Bolingbroke.

About this time, an event occurred, from the shock of which, our amiable poet never perfectly recovered, and which, for a time, overwhelmed him in the deepest affliction. In the year 1711, died Mrs. Parnell; she had brought him two sons, whom they lost while very young; and one daughter, who was living, I believe, in 1793; they were examples of conjugal felicity, and the stroke was irreparable. Swift, in his Journal to Stella, August 24, 1711, thus mentions this melancholy incident: "I am heartily sorry for poor Mrs. Parnell's death; she seemed to be an excellent good natured young woman; and I believe the poor

* It has been observed by an eminent critick, that it was singularly absurd in Barnes to inscribe his edition of Anacreon to the Duke of Marlborough, who would think as little of Anacreon as he knew of Greek; with how much greater propriety did Dr. Clarke consider the character of his Grace, when he dedicated to the hero of his age and country his edition of "Cæsar's Commentaries"—the pride of the English press.

lad is much afflicted: they appeared to live perfectly well together."

Parnell had always been subject to much inequality of spirits; he was either greatly elevated, or greatly depressed; and the loss of his wife, which preyed unceasingly upon his spirits, induced him to seek relief from a source to which no man has applied without injury to fame or to health. It is the only weakness of his life; and Pity drops the tear, when she records, that to the oblivion of sorrow, thus imprudently sought from the exhilaration or the stupor of wine, his premature death has been attributed.

The habit, however, cannot have been flagrant or gross; for the succeeding year opens to us the busiest portion of his life. Swift had induced him to write a poem "On Queen Ann's Peace," and seized the opportunity of rendering this production subservient to his wish of introducing him to the ministers. "I gave Lord Bolingbroke," says he, in his Journal, dated Dec. 22, 1712, "a poem of Parnell's. I made Parnell insert some compliments in it to his lordship. He is extremely pleased with it, and read some parts of it to day to the Lord Treasurer, who liked it as much; and indeed he outdoes all our poets here a bar's length. Lord Bolingbroke has ordered me to bring him to dinner on Christmas day, and I made the Lord Treasurer promise to see him; and it may one day do Parnell a kindness." The interview between Lord Oxford and Parnell took place through the intervention of Swift on the 31st of the January following. The Dr. on that day carried Parnell to court, —"and I contrived it so," he tells Stella, "that the Lord Treasurer, came to me, and asked (I had Parnell by me) whether that was Dr. Parnell, and came up to him, and spoke to him with great kindness, and invited him to his house. I value myself upon making the ministry desire to be acquainted with Parnell, and not Parnell with the ministry. His poem is almost fully corrected, and shall soon be out.

The connexion, thus begun, between Harley and our authour, was soon ripened into a disinterested friendship; the minister found Parnell one of the most benevolent of men, and one of the most pleasing of companions, and the poet discovered many great aud amiable qualities in his lordship.

Pope, in his epistle to Lord Oxford, written after Parnell's decease, thus pathetically alludes to an intimacy so honourable to both parties:—

O just beheld, and lost! admired and mourned!
With softest manners, gentlest arts adorned;
Blest in each science, blest in every strain,
Dear to the Muse, to Harley dear in vain!
For him thou oft hast bid the world attend,
Fond to forget the statesman in the friend,
For Swift and him despised the farce of state,
The sober follies of the wise and great;
Dextrous the craving fawning crowd to quit,
And pleased to 'scape from Flattery to Wit.

Nor was Bolingbroke less pleased with the character and manners of Parnell; he showed the poet much attention, and frequently invited him to his house. Swift, in his Journal of Feb. the 19th, 1713, says, "I was at court today to speak to Lord Bolingbroke. Parnell and I dined with him. Lady Bolingbroke came down to us while we were at dinner, and Parnell stared at her, as if she were a goddess. I thought she was like Parnell's wife and he thought so too. Parnell is much pleased with Lord Bolingbroke's favour to him, and I hope it may one day turn out to his advantage."

There can be no doubt, that, had not the death of the Queen so soon dissolved Lord Oxford's administration, Parnell would have met the preferment which he merited, He was possessed of considerable pulpit eloquence, and thought it necessary, with a view to forward his own elevation, to display his oratory in the

churches of the metropolis, which he did with such success, as to acquire no small share of popularity.

What he looked for, in vain, from the ministry, he soon obtained from another quarter. Swift had strongly recommended him to William, Archbishop of Dublin, in a letter, dated April the 30th, 1713; in consequence of which, he, the same year, received a prebendal state; and in 1716 his Grace gave him the vicarage of Finglass, a benefice the value of which was nearly 400*l per annum*.

Parnell wanted not preferment from pecuniary motives, for his paternal estates were adequate to his expenses, though he lived when in London, in a style of much elegance; but he felt the ambition of attaining the dignities of his profession; and it is probable he would have risen to considerable rank in the Church, had not death prematurely terminated his career. He died on his way to Ireland, in the city of Chester, in July, 1718, and in his thirty-ninth year, and was buried in the Trinity church of that place.

Few men have been more beloved by their friends than Parnell. He was generous, affable, and kind; he was learned without pedantry; and he was a poet, of considerable merit, without vanity. His passions were easily moved, for he was possessed of great sensibility; but he had in general sufficient control over himself to check them before they had the power of resistance.

As an authour, he is to be considered as a poet and essayist. His poetry, with the exception of two or three pieces, appeared not until after his death; when Pope, with a laudable solicitude for his reputation, selected those, which he thought would do most honour to his friend, and dedicated them to the Earl of Oxford.

They form one of the most generally pleasing and elegant volumes in the collected works of our poets, and present us with some of the best specimens in the language, of sweetness of versification, and perspicuity of diction; while, at the same time, their moral tendency, and purity of sentiment, endear them to the heart.

Hesid, or the rise of woman, with which the volume opens, displays a very playful imagination in the expansion of a mere hint of the Grecian poet. It was originally printed in one of the miscellanies of Jonson, and excited much attention on its first appearance.

The Fairy Tale is, perhaps, more than any other production of our authour, the offspring of genuine genius; the incidents are exquisitely imagined, the diction artfully tinted with the hues of antiquity; and the moral which gives the due preference to mental over corporeal accomplishments, is drawn with interest and effect. The concluding stanzas point it with uncommon force:

This tale a Sibil nurse ared,
She softly stroked my youngling head,
And when the tale was done,
Thus some are born, my son, she cries,
With base impediments to rise,
And some are born with none;
But Virtue can itself advance,
To what the favourite fools of Chance
By Fortune seem designed;
Virtue can gain the odds of Fate,
And from itself shake off the weight,
Upon the unworthy mind.

A considerable portion of originalness is likewise to be found in the *Allegory on Man*, which contains a very bold and novel personification of *Time* in the era of his *Youth;* and who having assigned to *Care* the union of the soul and body, Jove ordains the latter to preside over and regulate the junction:

Our umpire Time shall have his sway,
With Care, I let the creature stay,
Let Business vex him, Avarice blind,
Let Doubt and Knowledge rack his mind,
Let Errour act, Opinion speak,
And Want afflict, and Sickness break,
And Anger burn, Dejection chill,
And Joy distract, and Sorrow kill——

a picture, but too faithful, of the frailties and misery of human nature!

The *Night-Piece on Death*, though it contains some very striking and impressive imagery, has been too lavishly applauded; few will agree

with Goldsmith, when he asserts that it "deserves every praise," and that "with very little amendment, it might be made to surpass all those night-pieces and churchyard scenes, that have since appeared." Goldsmith either did not relish, or he envied the poetry of Gray, and this indirect satire on by far the most beautiful of elegiack productions, must subject the critick to the unpleasant alternative of want of judgment, or want of candour.

It has been suggested by Johnson that Parnell was indebted to Cleveland, for the hint on which he has founded his *Hymn to Contentment*. I do not perceive, however, in the works of that now obscure poet, any passages which can justly be considered as the *prima stamina* of this beautiful effusion; which, in point of versification, imagery, and sentiment, may be pronounced one of the highest finished pieces that Parnell has written.

The most interesting and celebrated poem, however, in the works of our bard is *The Hermit*, a tale, of which the moral is intended to inculcate the superintendence of a particular Providence; and the management and execution of which is highly creditable to the taste and judgment of the authour. Yet the incidents, it must be confessed, are of ancient date, and were certainly in circulation so early as the fourteenth century, though not printed until the latter end of the fifteenth; when they appeared in a collection of tales, under the title of *Gesta Romanorum*, whence they were copied by Sir Philip Herbert, in his *Conceptions;* by Howell, in his *Letters;* and by Dr. Henry More, in his *Divine Dialogues*. As the reader may wish to compare the original story with the improvements of Parnell, I shall copy it from Warton's analysis of the *Gesta*, who agrees with Goldsmith, in supposing it to have been originally derived from an oriental source.

"A devout Hermit lived in a cave, near which, a shepherd folded his flock. Many of the sheep being stolen, the shepherd was unjustly killed by his master, as being concerned in the theft. The Hermit seeing an innocent man put to death, began to suspect the existence of a Divine Providence, and resolved no longer to perplex himself with the useless severities of religion, but to mix with the world. In travelling from his retirement, he was met by an angel in the figure of a man, who said "I am an angel, and am sent by God, to be your companion on the road." They entered a city, and begged for lodging at the house of a Knight, who entertained them at a splendid supper. In the night, the angel rose from his bed and strangled the Knight's only child, who was asleep in the cradle. The hermit was astonished at this barbarous return for so much hospitality, but was afraid to make any remonstrance to his companion. Next morning, they went to another city. Here they were liberally received in the house of an opulent citizen—but in the night, the angel rose and stole a golden cup of inestimable value. The hermit now concluded that his companion was a bad angel. In travelling forward, the next morning, they passed over a bridge, about the middle of which they met a poor man of whom the angel asked the way to the next city. Having received the desired information, the angel pushed the poor man into the water, where he was immediately drowned. In the evening, they arrived at the house of a rich man, and, begging for a lodging, were ordered to sleep in a shed with the cattle. In the morning, the angel gave the rich man the cup which he had stolen. The Hermit, amazed that the cup, which was stolen from their friend and benefactor, should be given to one who refused them a lodging, began to be now convinced that his companion was the devil, and begged to go on alone. But the angel said, "Hear me, and depart. When you lived in your hermitage, a shepherd was killed by his master. He was innocent of the supposed offence; but had he

not then been killed, he would have committed crimes in which he would have died impenitent. His master endeavours to atone for the murder, by dedicating the remainder of his days to alms and deeds of charity. I strangled the child of the Knight, but know that the father was so intent on heaping up riches for his child, as to neglect those acts of publick munificence, for which he was before so distinguished, and to which he has now returned. I stole the golden cup of the hospitable citizen. But know, that, from a life of the strictest temperance, he became, in consequence of possessing this cup, a perpetual drunkard, and is now the most abstemious of men. I threw the poor man into the water; he was then honest and religious. But know, had he walked one half of a mile further, he would have murdered a man in a state of mortal sin. I gave the golden cup to the rich man, who refused to take us within his roof. He has, therefore received his reward in this world, and in the next will suffer the pains of hell for his inhospitality." The Hermit fell prostrate at the angel's feet, and, requesting forgiveness, returned to his hermitage, fully convinced of the wisdom and justice of God's government."

This, says Warton, is the fable of Parnell's hermit, which that elegant yet original writer, has heightened with many masterly touches of poetical colouring, and a happier arrangement of circumstances. Among other proofs, which might be mentioned of Parnell's genius and address in treating this subject, by reserving the discovery of the angel till a critical period at the close of the fable, he has found means to introduce a beautiful and interesting surprise. In this poem, the last instance of the angel's seeming injustice is that of pushing the guide from the bridge into the river. At this, the hermit is unable to suppress his indignation:

Wild sparkling rage inflames the Father's eyes,
He bursts the bonds of fear, and madly cries
"Detested wretch!" But scarce his speech began,
When the strange partner seemed no longer man:
His youthful face grew more serenely sweet
His robe turned white and flowed upon his feet;
Fair rounds of radiant points invest his hair,
Celestial odours fill the purple air,
And wings, whose colours glittered on the day,
Wide at his back the gradual plumes display.
The form ethereal bursts upon his sight,
And moves in all the majesty of light.

The attainments of Parnell as a classical scholar were highly respectable; he was intimately acquainted with the Greek and Latin languages; and his critical knowledge of the former was of infinite service to his friend Pope, when engaged in the arduous task of translating Homer. How necessary to him was the assistance of our authour is evident from a passage in one of his letters, where, writing to Parnell from Binfield, he exclaims, "The moment I lost you, *Eustathius* with nine thousand contractions of the Greek characters, arose to my view. *Spondanus* with all his auxiliaries, in number a thousand pages (value three shillings) and *Dacier's* three volumes; *Barnes's* two, *Voltaire's* three, *Cuperus* half in Greek, *Leo Allatius*, three parts in Greek, *Scaliger*, *Macrobius*, and (worse than all) *Aulus Gellius!* all these rushed upon my soul at once, and overwhelmed me under a fit of the head-ach. I cursed them all religiously, damned my best friends among the rest, and even blasphemed Homer himself. Dear sir, not only as you are a friend and a good-natured man, but as you are a Christian and a divine, come back speedily and prevent the increase of my sins, for at the rate I have begun to rave, I shall not only damn all poets and commentators, who have gone before me, but be damned myself by all who come after me." The translation which Parnell has given us of the *Pervigilium Veneris*, ascribed to *Catullus*, and of the *Battle of the*

Frogs and Mice, attributed to Homer, are executed with great fidelity and spirit.

The characteristick excellences of Parnell as a poet, are simplicity, sweetness, and perspicuity. There is little which is either sublime or pathetick in his writings, nor are there many traits of a bold and vigorous imagination; but there is a beauty, a delicacy, and an amenity in his style and versification, which charm the more by repeated consideration. "Those compositions," remarks Hume, "which we read the oftenest, and which every man of taste has by heart, have the recommendation of simplicity, and have nothing surprising in the thought, when devested of that elegance of expression and harmony of numbers with which it is clothed. If the merit of a composition lies in point of wit, it may strike at first; but the mind anticipates the thought in the second perusal, and is longer affected by it. When I read an epigram of Martial, the first line recalls the whole; and I have no pleasure in repeating to myself what I know already. But each line, each word in Catullus has its merit, and I am never tired with the perusal of him. It is sufficient to run over Cowley once; but Parnell, after the *fiftieth reading*, is as fresh as at the first."

The prose of Parnell is but small in quantity, nor is it in quality equal to his verse. Independent of what he wrote in the *Memoirs of Martinus Scriblerus*, he published the life of Homer, prefixed to Pope's version, and a severe but just satire on Dennis, under the title of the *Life of Zoilus*. He contributed, likewise, both to the Spectator and Guardian; in the former work he wrote two numbers, No. 460 and No. 501, both visions: the first, a description of *The Paradise of Fools*; the second, an allegorical picture of *Patience* under the pressure of affliction. The style of these papers is by no means so sweet and flowing as might have been expected from the authour of The Hermit; they exhibit, however, considerable powers of imagination; and *The Grotto of Grief*, in No. 501 discloses a group, which, from its circumstantiality and minute finishing, might be easily transferred to the canvas.

In the Guardian, Nos. 56 and 66, are from the pen of our authour; and, like those in the Spectator, consist of visions or allegories, a mode of composition which Addison had rendered fashionable. No. 56 contains *The Vision of Reproof and Reproach*, between which, though the resemblance be considerable, the proper distinction is well marked, and supported with appropriate imagery. No. 66 details the *Vision of Common Fame*, in which the scandal and loquacity of the tea-table are satirised with much force and ingenuity.

"In the middle of the hall of Common Fame," says the authour, "stood a table painted after the manner of the remotest Asiatick countries upon which the lamps of the silver vessel and cups of a white earth were planted in order. Then dried herbs were brought collected for the solemnity in moonshine;* and water being put to them, there was a greenish liquor made to which they added the flower of milk, and an extraction from the canes of America for performing a libation to the Powers of Mischief. After this, Curiosity, retiring to a withdrawing room, brought forth the victims, being to appearance a set of small waxen images, which she laid upon the table one after another. Immediately then Talkativeness gave each of them the name of some one, whom for that time they were to represent, and Censoriousness stuck them all about with black pins still pronouncing at every one she stuck something to the prejudice of the person represented. No sooner were these rites performed and incantations ut-

* In the moonshine, typical of witchcraft and sorcery.

tered, but the sound of a speaking-trumpet was heard in the air, by which they knew the deity of the place was propitiated and assisting. Upon this, the sky grew darker, and a storm arose, and murmurs, sighs, groans, cries, and the words of grief and resentment were heard within it. Thus the three sorceresses discovered, that they, whose names they had given to the images were already affected with what was done to them in effigy. The knowledge of this was received with the loudest laughter, and in many congratulatory words they applauded one another's wit and power.

To these visions, as published in the Spectator and the Guardian, a fifth was added by Pope, when he collected the works of his friend. It may be entitled the *Vision of a Library of Books*, and can justly establish a claim to the epithets *ingenious* and *amusing*.

THE LARK'S NEST.

A Fable—from Æsop.

"Trust only to thyself;" the maxim's sound;
For, though life's choicest blessing be a friend,
Friends do not very much abound;
Or, where they happen to be found,
And greatly thou on friendship should'st depend,
Thoult find it will not bear
Much wear and tear;
Nay, that even kindred, cousin, uncle, brother,
Has each, perhaps, to mind his own affair;
Attend to thine then; lean not on another.
Æsop assures us that the maxim's wise,
And by a tale illustrates his advice.

When April's bright and fickle beams
Saw every feather'd pair
In the green woodlands, or by willowy streams,
Busied in matrimonial schemes;
A Lark, amid the dewy air,
Woo'd and won a favourite fair;
And, in a spot by springing rye protected,
Her labour sometimes shared;
While she with bents, and wither'd grass collected,
Their humble domicile prepar'd;
Then, by her duty fix'd, the tender mate
Unwearied, prest
Their future progeny beneath her breast;
And little slept and little ate,
While her gay lover, with a careless heart,
As is the custom of his sex,
Full little recks
The coming family; but, like a dart,
From his low homestead, with the morning springs,
And, far above the floating vapour, sings
At such a height,
That even the shepherd lad upon the hill,
Hearing his matin note so shrill,
With shaded eyes against the lustre bright,
Scarce sees him twinkling in a flood of light.
But Hunger, spite of all her perseverance,
Was one day urgent on his patient bride,
The truant made not his appearance
That her fond care might be a while supplied,
So, because Hunger will not be denied,
She leaves her nest reluctant; and in haste
But just allows herself to taste
A dew drop and a few small seeds——
Ah! how her fluttering bosom bleeds
When the dear cradle she had fondly rear'd
All desolate appear'd,
And, ranging wide about the field, she saw
A setter huge, whose unrelenting jaw
Had crush'd her half-existing young;
Long o'er her ruined hopes the mother mourn'd,
Ere from the clouds her wanderer return'd:
Tears justly shed by Beauty, who can stand them?
He heard her plaintive tale with unfeign'd sorrow,
But, as his motto was "Nil desperandum,"
Bade her hope better fortune for tomorrow;
Then from the fatal spot afar, they sought
A safer shelter, having bought
Experience, which is always rather dear;
And very near
A grassy headland, in a field of wheat,
They fixed, with cautious care, their second seat——
But this took time; May was already past,
The white thorn had her silver blossoms cast,
And there the Nightingale to lovely June
Her last farewell had sung;
No longer reign'd July's intemperate noon,
And, high in Heaven, the reaper's moon,
A little crescent hung,
Ere from their shells appear'd the plumeless young.
Oh! then with how much tender care
The busy pair
Watched and provided for the panting brood!
For then, the vagrant of the air
Soar'd not to meet the morning star,
But, never from the nestlings far,
Explor'd each furrow, every sod for food;
While his more anxious partner tried
From hostile eyes the helpless group to hide;
Attempting now, with labouring bill, to guide

The enwreathing bindweed, round the nest;
Now joy'd to see the cornflower's azure crest
Above it waving, and the cockle grow,
Or poppies throw
Their scarlet curtains round;
While the more humble children of the ground,
Freak'd pansies, fumitory, pempernel,
Circled with arras light the secret cell.—
But who against all evils can provide?
Hid and o'ershadowed thus and fortified
By teasel and the scabious thready disk,
Corn, marygold and thistles too much risk,
The little household still were doom'd to run,
For the same ardent sun
Whose beams had drawn up many an idle flower
To fence the lonely bower,
Had, by his powerful heat,
Matured the wheat,
And, chang'd of hue, it hung its heavy head,
While every rustling gale that blew along
From neighbouring uplands brought the rustick song
Of harvest merriment: then full of dread,
Lest, not yet fully fledged, her race
The reaper's foot might crush, or reaper's dog might trace,
Or village child, too young to reap or bind,
Loitering round, her hidden treasure find;
The mother bird was bent
To move them ere the sickle came more near;
And, therefore, when for food abroad she went
(For now her mate again was on the ramble)
She bade her young report what they should hear:
So the next hour they cried, "They 'll all assemble
The farmer's neighbours, with the dawn of light,
Therefore, dear mother, let us move to-night."
"Fear not, my loves," said she, "you need not tremble;
Trust me, if only neighbours are in question
Eat what I bring, and spoil not your digestion
Or sleep for this." Next day, away she flew,
And that no neighbour came was very true;
But her returning wings the larklings knew,
And, quivering round her, told, their landlord said
"Why, John, the reaping must not be delay'd,
By peep of day tomorrow we 'll begin
Since now so many of our kin
Have promis'd us their help to set about it."
"Still," quoth the bird, "I doubt it;
The corn will stand tomorrow." So it proved;
The morning's dawn arrived—but never saw
Or uncle, cousin, brother, or brother-in-law;
And not a reap-hook moved.
Then to his son the angry farmer cried,
"Some folks are little known till they are tried;
Who would have thought we had so few well-wishers!
What, neither neighbour Dawes, nor cousin Fisher,
Nor uncle Betts, nor even my brother Delves
Will lend a hand to help us get the corn in?
Well then, let you and me, tomorrow morning
E'en try what we can do with it ourselves."
"Nay," quoth the lark, "tis time then to be gone·
What a man undertakes himself is done."
Certes she was a bird of observation,
For very true it is, that none,
Whatever be his station,
Lord of a province, tenant of a mead,
Whether he fill a cottage or a throne,
Or guard a flock, or guide a nation
Is very likely to succeed
Who manages affairs by deputation.

For The Port Folio.

A Statistical Account of the Schuylkill Permanent Bridge.

(Extract concluded from page 204.)

The grout is fluid, but composed of the like proportion of materials The mortar used in the foundation once intended for a pier, near the eastern toll house, but abandoned as a pier, and now usefully employed as the end of our wing walls, was covered more than a year with water. We had occasion to take part of it up. The mortar, having been improperly made rich, was friable, and had not the least tenacity or binding quality, The tarras mortar is composed of one part tarras, two parts lime, and three parts sand."

"The western pier is now completed to the same height, and except in depth, of the same dimensions with the eastern pier. The span between these piers is 187 feet 6 inches, from the piers to each abutment the span will be 150 feet each. No formidable difficulties have occurred in the work of the present season; and every thing has been conducted to our satisfaction."

"We think it proper to give a short description of this pier (the greater proportion whereof is invisible) that its structure may be known; and its embarrassing, ex-

pensive, and tedious progress may be accounted for. We confine ourselves to the masonry, a description of the dam will be hereafter presented that it may be of service to others who may have occasion to use such auxiliaries, in aquatick structures. The plan of the dam, and instructions for its establishment, do much honour to Mr. Weston who furnished them. Mr. Robinson our superintendant, has great merit in faithfully executing this plan. But many dangerous casualties and unforseen embarrassments baffled all previous arrangements ; and required the immediate and unceasing efforts of the committee and the workmen to combat them. The members of the board, and others of our fellow citizens, who voluntarily assisted us in endeavours to evacuate the dam of the obstructions which prevented our totally baring the rock, have our thanks for their exertions. These have afforded conviction that the plan we adopted for the foundation, was indispensable. The result has undeniably proved its efficacy, competency, and permanence ; and leaves no doubt of its being in contact with the rock; which, though somewhat irregular, rises at the interiour circumference of our dam and forms in the middle a tolerably regular cavity, well calculated to prevent (if the weight on it were not sufficient) any injury to, or movement of the foundation."

DESCRIPTION OF THE PIER.

"Not being able to arrive nearer to the rock than three feet six inches, without the most imminent danger of ruin, and failure in our object, it was deemed (after every effort to evacuate the dam had been tried) most adviseable, and dictated by evident necessity to lay a rough foundation, before the masonry of cut stone commenced, about eight feet below the common bed of the river. This foundation was accordingly directed by the building committee ; and on the 25th of December 1802 began to be formed. It consists of large foundation and smaller stone intermixed. Roach lime and sharp sand cover and fill the interstices of each layer of these stones ; which are all well rammed ; and reaching the rock, compose a solid mass, four feet thick, filling the whole interiour of the dam ; the area whereof is 42 feet six inches in breadth, by 92 feet in length. On this foundation, the cut stone was laid, and the pier shaped to its proper dimensions ; which are here 30 feet in breadth, by 71 feet 6 inches in its extreme length : the ends being semicircular. It continues of these dimensions to the first offset, about four feet from the foundation. There are six offsets to low water mark ; each diminishing the pier about four inches ; so that at that point it is twenty-six feet eight inches in breadth and six ty-seven feet two inches in length. There are from this point, to 18 inches above high water mark, three offsets, each diminishing the pier 10 inches. So that the dimensions, at this point, are twenty-one feet eight inches in breadth, and sixty three feet two inches in length ; the whole continuing semicircular at the ends. From this point the pier begins to batter and the cut stone ceases. The hammered stone in range work, begins, and rising sixteen feet, lessens regularly to nineteen feet four inches in width, and in length sixty feet ten inches. When finished it will be in height fifty-five feet nine inches from the rock, and will be neatly surmounted with cut stone, at each end, formed in the shape of a half dome. The cut stone are all clamped at every joint, with iron clamps, well secured. The outer ashlers are all laid in tarras mortar. There are a proper number of headers, dove-tailed in each course ; running into the pier many feet. On these are laid vast rough stone, some whereof are twelve tons in weight. These large stones of various sizes, are common in the interiour of the pier, which is laid in a workmanlike manner, in common mortar, and properly filled with smaller stone; the whole being grouted and forming a solid mass. Six large and heavy chains, are worked into the masonry, crosswise of the pier, at the foundation ; and a large curb of timber, hooped with iron, surrounds the cut stone at this point. Fifteen other massive chains, fastened at proper places, with perpendicular bolts, well wedged, are dispersed in various parts of the pier, crosswise thereof, as high as low water mark. The whole masonry of the pier, was performed (including the winter work with all its disadvantages) in seventy four working days, after we had been seven months preparing and fixing the dam. Two months of this period were employed in incessant pumping, clearing and combatting casualties and impediments the most embarrassing and expensive.— The courses of cut stone vary in depth, the least course being ten inches, and the largest two feet eight inches in depth."

"The foundation is further secured by the embankment of stone, intermixed and embodied with sand, thrown around the dam, on the bed of the river, to the height of fourteen feet. The interiour piling will be cut off below low water mark, and connected with the pier by chains. Building stone are thrown in, between this piling and the masonry, about ten feet high, the whole forming a strong barrier against any attacks on the foundation."

"Had we foreseen that so many casualties, difficulties, and dangers would have attended our enterprise, we should probably not have hazarded the undertaking."

"We were convinced that the whole of our success depended on completing this pier; and persevered against casualties and impediments, which frequently appeared insurmountable. It is at length accomplished, and the completion of our whole work thereby ensured. We mention, not as it respects ourselves, but for the emulation and encouragement of others, who may be obliged to encounter similar circumstances, that by perseverance, we have prevailed over the most discouraging obstacles. A pier of solid masonry, having 7250 tons on it foundation, which is twenty-nine feet below low water mark, and at high tide, 38 to 40 feet deep, was begun on Christmas day, in a severe winter, in a depth of water uncommonly forbidding, and in forty days carried up from necessity, during the inclemency of the season, to near low water mark; the point aimed at in our original design, for the work of an earlier and more temperate period."

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Port Folio.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

The following is sent for insertion when nothing better offers.

CARLOS.

O, why should man weep, or the son of man mourn.

Ah! the sorrows of youth they are cruelly keen
As the cold northern blast on the rose-bud expanding,
Deep they fix in the breast that but visions has seen
And whose well-belov'd castles of Fancy are standing,
Alas! for the heart,
It is forc'd to depart
From Nature's own vales to the gardens of art,
The bright views of the valley will never return,
But, O! why should man weep, or the son of man mourn?

Proud manhood arrives with a whirlwind of cares,
And the demons of Sorrow forever attending,
Still they haunt up the spirit of life as it wears,
Still they point to the terrible storm that's impending,
And now he has found
That mirth 's but a sound,
Shame, Sickness, and Poverty hem him around:
The years that have fled they will never return,
But, O! why should man weep, or the son of man mourn?

Cold, cold is the bosom of feeble old age,
The ties of his heart in the grave are decaying,
No warm shielding breast the chill winds to assuage,
They buffet his head, unrelenting, unstaying.
Alas! from the womb
He has fled to the tomb,
How damp are its walls, and how fearful the gloom!
Ah! the life that thou spent, it shall never return,
Yet why should man weep, or the son of man mourn?

Go roam to the forest and green breasted hill,
Go roam through the sweet-scented wilds of the valley,
Go learn from the birds, who with gratitude thrill,
It is weak thy existence in sorrow to dally:
Let not Hope deceive,
And for fear never grieve,
But uprightly walk, and contentedly live,
And cry, when on past life exploring you turn,
O! why should man weep, or the son of man mourn?

When thy temples are furrowed, thy locks are all grey,
And low to the valley of death thou art bending,
Then a hope shall arise that fades never away,
There 's a Father in Heaven to forgive my offending.
Sing, sing, son of man,
That so short is thy span,
Rejoice that thy sorrows so rapidly run,
Thou shalt wing to a world from thy comfortless urn,
Where no eye shall weep, and no bosom shall mourn.

CARLOS.

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